In Recital

Tanis Taylor, soprano

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Applied Music (Voice)

assisted by

Roger Admiral, piano

Saturday, March 12, 2005 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Let The Bright Seraphim (From *Samson*, 1741) — George Friedrich Handel (1685-1759)

With guest **Jeremy Maitland, trumpet**

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen, BWV 51 (1730) — John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

With guests **Jeremy Maitland, trumpet** **Andrea Kipp, viola**
Sarah Wong and **Quinn Grundy, violin** **Katie Pollock, cello**

L'exile (c.1830-1835)
La Danza (c.1830-1835) — Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Air Chansons (1927-1928) — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
I. Air Romantique
II. Air Champetre
III. Air Grave
IV. Air Vif

Una voce poco fa (From *The Barber of Seville,* 1816) — Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Intermission

Nacht (1885)
Schlagende Herzen (1895)
Allerseelen (1885)
Cäcilie (1884) — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Six Elizabethan Songs (1958) — Dominick Argento (b. 1927)
1. Spring
2. Sleep
3. Winter
4. Dirge
5. Diaphenia
6. Hymn

Glitter and Be Gay (From *Candide*, 1956) — Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Tanis.

Ms Tanis is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate) and a Leeder Memorial Scholarship.

A reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen (Praise ye God in ev'ry nation)
Praise ye God in ev'ry nation! All that heaven
and the world
Of created order hold must be now his fame exalting,
And we would to this our God likewise now
present an off'ring
For that he midst cross and woe always hath stood
close beside us.

L'esule (The exile)
Here the sky is always smiling, here the branches
are always green,
Here the water of the stream flows gently at my feet:
But this land is not my homeland
Here the sun is always reflected in the blue waves
Lilies and violets bloom around me; but this land is not
my homeland.
The maidens are as pretty as the fresh roses with which
love dresses their hair,
in token of fidelity; but this land is not my homeland.
In the lands of Italy, one city is queen, the Ligurian sea
Ever kisses its feet; can you see it? It is my homeland, it
is my homeland.

La danza (The Dance)
Now the moon is above the sea, mamma mia,
how we'll leap!
The time is perfect for dancing, all those in love
will be there.
Now the moon is above the sea, mamma mia,
how we'll leap.
Quickly dance in a ring, my ladies, come here;
every one shall have a handsome, lively lad.
As long as a star is twinkling in the sky and the moon
is shining brightly,
The most handsome man and most beautiful girl will
dance all night.
Mamma mia, mamma mia, now the moon
is above the sea,
mamma mia, mamma mia mamma mia, how we'll leap.
Twang, twang, mamma mia, how we'll leap.

Air Romantique (Romantic Song)
The countryside I wandered, tho' storm and
wind defied me.
The clouds hung low above, in morning light so wan;
A raven black as night, took wing as tho' to guide me,
And thro' the pools of driven rain I stumbled on.
The distant lightening played and flashed in splendor
fleeting,

Air Romantique (Romantic Song), cont'd
Bitter the wind that blew, to cry of sorrow stirred;
Yet was my heart, for some vague terror loudly beating,
And stronger than the storm, which passed
as tho' unheard.
Autumn, with jealous hand, her part in nature playing,
Gather'd the golden leaves from ash and maple tree;
Yet still the bird, a loft, no weariness betraying,
Forever onward flew, and gave no thought to me.

Air Champetre (A Country Song)
Lake so silent, Alas! I ever must remember how one, to
thee by friendship led,
I gazed, into thy features so fair, radiant goddess,
Half lost in the sedge, and the moss by the shore.
If it only had lived, the friendship I am grieving, Oh
nymph, to follow thee enslaved,
Mingle but for a while, With winds that round thee play,
and reply to thy hidden waves!

Air Grave (Song of Grief)
Oh! Depart from my mind, all angry thoughts of pain!
Oh! Remorse, oh! Disgrace! Cruel memries of old
that beat about my brain,
As in death-like embrace,
Moss cover'd, winding paths and fountains lightly
flowing,
Mild song of birds and the wind, dim shadows now
growing of beast in forest wild,
Oh creatures, great and small, oh, joy of living,
spurn and reject me not, oh Nature, gladness giving,
but hear me when I cry!
Oh! Depart from my soul, remorse, disgrace!

Air Vif (Brisk Song)
See the orchard is white, the countryside rejoices,
Meadow and field and grove are breaking
into bloom, alas!
hark to the voices of winds that sigh above.
But thou, ocean serene never a moment shaken
tho' the storms rage around,
Peerless, and greater still if once thy sorrow waken,
now in dreams thou art bound.

Una voce poco fa (A voice a little while ago)
A voice, a little while ago echoed here in my heart;
My heart is wounded now, and it was Lindoro
who covered it with wounds.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine – I've sworn it, I shall win.
My guardian will object. I, quick-witted, will be sharp;
In the end he will acquiesce, and I will be content.
I am submissive, I'm respectful, I'm obedient,
sweet, affectionate.
I allow myself to be governed; I let myself be guided.
But if they touch me where my sensitive spot is,
I will be a viper,
And I'll cause a hundred tricks to be played before
giving in.

Nacht (Night)
Out of the forest comes the night, Quietly she moves
in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around her, Beware now!
All the lights of the world, All the flowers, all the
colors, she extinguishes;
She steals the sheaves from the fields; She takes
everything that is lovely,
Steals the silver from the streams, From the copper
dome of the cathedral
She takes away its gold. The spray of flowers stands
plundered,
Draw closer, soul to soul; Oh, I am afraid the night will
steal you, too, from me.

Schlagende Herzen (Throbbing Hearts)
A youth was going through meadows and fields, Kling
klang, his heart did beat;
On his finger shone a golden ring, Kling klang, his heart
did beat;
Oh, meadows, oh fields, how beautiful you are! Oh
hills, oh, forests, how beautiful!
How good and beautiful are you, Golden sun in the
skies you appear
Kling klang, kling klang, his heart did beat.
The youth hurried with lively step, Kling klang, his
heart did beat.
He took with him many a laughing flower, Kling klang,
his heart did beat.
Over the meadows and fields blows the wind of Spring,
Over hills and forests blows the wind of Spring,
Deep in my heart blows the wind of Spring,
That drives me toward you, gently, softly. Kling klang,
his heart did beat
Midst meadows and fields a maiden stood, Kling klang,
her heart did beat;

Schlagende Herzen (Throbbing Hearts), cont'd
She shielded her eyes with her hand, to look afar, Kling
klang, her heart did beat.
Over meadows and fields, over hills and forests, To me,
to me, he is hastening,
Oh, if he only were already with me! Kling klang, kling
klang, her heart did beat.

Allerseelen (All Souls' Day)
Place on the table the fragran mignonettes, Bring here
the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love, As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances, As long ago in
May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant, Once a year
is All Souls' Day,
Come to my heart that I again may have you, As long
ago in May.

Cacilie (Cecily)
If you but knew what it is to dream Of burning kisses, of
wandering,
Of reposing with the loved one,
Of gazing into each other's eyes, and caressing, and
murmuring,
If you but knew it, you would let your heart consent!
If you but knew what it is to be afraid Through the
lonely nights, assailed by storms,
When the strife-weary soul is not soothed by gentle
words,
If you but knew it, you would come to me.
If you but knew what it is to live Enveloped in the
immense breath of divinity,
To soar upwards, raised and carried to sublime heights,
If you but knew this, you would live with me.